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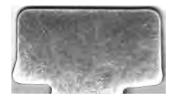
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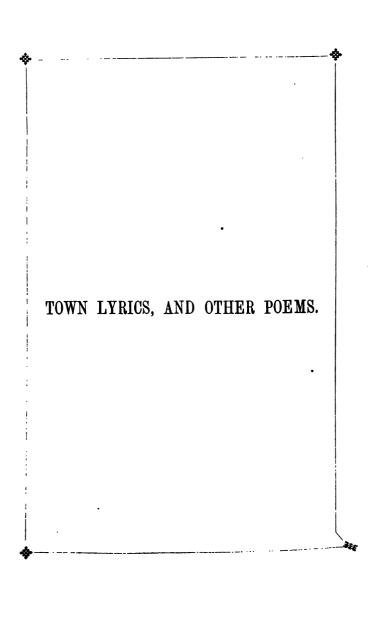


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TOWN LYRICS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE CROWD," "VOICES FROM THE
MOUNTAINS," "LEGENDS OF THE ISLES,"
ETC. ETC.

" La muse est enfant des cités ;—
Et le poete doit etre un protestant sublime
Du droit et de l'humanité.
BARRIE



LONDON:

D. BOGUE, 86 FLEET STREET.



COMBON .

VISETELLY BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
PETERPOROUGH COURT, PLEET STREET.

CHARLES DICKENS,

IN WHOSE PROSE POETRY ARE SO WELL INCULCATED

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE TRUE, AND THE SENSE

OF MORAL DIGNITY IN THE HUMBLEST,

THE FOLLOWING EFFUSIONS,

ASPIRING TO EFFECT THE SAME OBJECTS,

ARE DEDICATED,

WITH THE HIGHEST ADMIRATION AND RESPECT,

BY HIS VERY SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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TOWN LYRICS.

STREET COMPANIONS.

Whene'en through Gray's Inn porch I stray, I meet a spirit by the way; He wanders with me all alone, And talks with me in under-tone.

The crowd is busy seeking gold, It cannot see what I behold; I and the spirit pass along Unknown, unnoticed, in the throng.

While on the grass the children run, And maids go loitering in the sun, I roam beneath the ancient trees, And talk with him of mysteries. The dull brick houses of the square, The bustle of the thoroughfare, The sounds, the sights, the crush of men, Are present, but forgotten then.

I see them, but I heed them not, I hear, but silence clothes the spot; All voices die upon my brain Except that spirit's in the lane.

He breathes to me his burning thought, He utters words with wisdom fraught, He tells me truly what I am— I walk with mighty Verulam.

He goes with me through crowded ways, A friend and mentor in the maze, Through Chancery Lane to Lincoln's Inn, To Fleet Street, through the moil and din.

I meet another spirit there, A blind old man with forehead fair, Who ever walks the right hand side, Toward the fountain of St. Bride.

Amid the peal of jangling bells, Or peoples' roar that falls and swells, The whirl of wheels and tramp of steeds, He talks to me of noble deeds. I hear his voice above the crush, As to and fro the people rush; Benign and calm, upon his face Sits melancholy, robed in grace.

He hath no need of common eyes, He sees the fields of Paradise; He sees and pictures unto mine A gorgeous vision, most divine.

He tells the story of the Fall, He names the fiends in battle-call, And shows my soul, in wonder dumb, Heaven, Earth, and Pandemonium.

He tells of Lycidas the good, And the sweet lady in the wood, And teaches wisdom, high and holy, In mirth and heavenly melancholy.

And oftentimes, with courage high, He raises freedom's rallying cry; And, ancient leader of the van, Asserts the dignity of man—

Asserts the rights with trumpet tongue, That Justice from Oppression wrung, And poet, patriot, statesman, sage, Guides by his own a future age.

STREET COMPANIONS.

With such companions at my side I float on London's human tide; An atom on its billows thrown, But lonely never, nor alone.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

LATE or early home returning,
In the starlight or the rain,
I beheld that lonely candle
Shining from his window-pane.
Ever o'er his tattered curtain,
Nightly looking, I could scan,
Aye inditing,
Writing—writing,
The pale figure of a man;
Still discern behind him fall
The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight, By dim burning of my oil, Filling aye his rapid leaflets, I have watched him at his toil; Watched his broad and seamy forehead, Watched his white industrious hand, Ever passing And repassing; Watched and strove to understand What impelled it—gold, or fame—Bread, or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked, debating vainly
In the silence of my mind,
What the services he rendered
To his country or his kind;
Whether tones of ancient music,
Or the sound of modern gong,
Wisdom holy,
Humours lowly,
Sermon, essay, novel, song,
Or philosophy sublime,
Filled the measure of his time.

Of the mighty world of London He was portion unto me, Portion of my life's experience, Fused into my memory. Twilight saw him at his folios, Morning saw his fingers run, Labouring ever, Wearying never, Of the task he had begun; Placid and content he seemed, Like a man that toiled and dreamed.

No one sought him, no one knew him, Undistinguished was his name;
Never had his praise been uttered
By the oracles of fame.
Scanty fare and decent raiment,
Humble lodging, and a fire—
These he sought for,
These he wrought for,
And he gained his meek desire;
Teaching men by written word—
Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him; Still might evening twilight fall, But no taper lit his lattice—
Lay no shadow on his wall.
In the winter of his seasons,
In the midnight of his day,
'Mid his writing,
And inditing,
Death had beckoned him away,
Ere the sentence he had planned
Found completion at his hand.

But this man so old and nameless Left behind him projects large, Schemes of progress undeveloped, Worthy of a nation's charge; Noble fancies uncompleted, Germs of beauty immatured, Only needing Kindly feeding To have flourished and endured; Meet reward in golden store To have lived for evermore.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic Perish in the active brain?
What humanity is robbed of,
Ne'er to be restored again?
What we lose, because we honour
Overmuch the mighty dead,
And dispirit
Living merit,
Heaping scorn upon its head?
Or perchance, when kinder grown,
Leaving it to die—alone?

MARY AND LADY MARY;

OB,

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

THE Lady Mary's placid eyes
Beam with no hopes, no memories;
Beneath their lids no tear-drops flow
For Love or Pity, Joy or Woe.
She never knows, too barren she,
The fruitfulness of sympathy;
She never weeps for others' pain,
Or smiles, except in her disdain.

Her face is pallid as the pearl,
Her hair is sleek, without a curl;
With finger-tip she condescends
To touch the fingers of her friends,
As if she feared their palms might brand
Some moral stigma on her hand;
Her pulse is calm, milk-white her skin,
She hath not blood enough to sin.

A very pattern, sage and staid,
Of all her sex—a model maid;
Clear star—bright paragon of men—
She breaks no law of all the ten;
Pure to the sight as snow-peak'd hill—
As inaccessible and chill;—
In sunshine—but repelling heat—
And freezing in her own conceit.

If ever known to breathe a sigh,
It was for lack of flattery.
Though cold, insensible, and dull,
Admirers call her beautiful;
She sucks their incense, breathes it, doats
On her own praise, that gently floats
On Fashion's wave—and lies in wait
To catch admirers of her state.

In published charities her name
Stands foremost, for she buys her fame;
At church men see her thrice a-week,
In spirit proud, in aspect meek;
Wearing Devotion like a mask
So marble cold, that sinners ask,
Beholding her at Mercy's throne,
"Is this a woman or a stone?"

But different, far, the little maid, That dwells unnoticed in the shade Of Lady Mary's pomp and power;
A Mary, too, a simple flower,
With face all health, with cheeks all smile,
Undarkened by one cloud of guile;
And ruddy lips that seem to say,
"Come, kiss me, children, while ye may."

A cordial hand, a chubby arm,
And hazel eyes, large, soft, and warm;
Dark hair in curls, a snow-like bust,
A look all innocence, all trust,
Lit up at times by sunny mirth,
Like summer smiling on the earth;
A ringing laugh, whose every note
Bursts in clear music from her throat.

A painter's daughter—poor, perchance, But rich in native elegance; God bless the maid—she may not be Without some touch of vanity.

She twines red rose-buds in her hair, And smiles to know herself so fair; And quite believes, like other belles, The pleasant tale her mirror tells.

A very woman, full of tears, Hopes, blushes, tendernesses, fears, Griefs, laughter, kindness, joys and sighs, Loves, likings, friendships, sympathies; A heart to feel for every woe,
And pity, if not dole, bestow;
A hand to give from scanty store,
A look to wish the offering more.

In artless faith and virtue strong,
Too loving to do Love a wrong;
She takes delight in simple things,
And in the sunshine works and sings.
Sweet bird! so meekly innocent,
The foulest hawk that ever rent
A trusting heart, would gaze, and fly,
And spare her in her purity.

Take Lady Mary ye who will,
Her woods, her castle on the hill,
Her lands o'er half a county spread—
And wither in her loveless bed;
But give me Mary, frank and free,
Her beauty, grace, and modesty:
I pass My Lady in the mart—
I take the Woman with the heart.

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

"Follow your leader!" So said HOPE, In the joyous days when I was young. O'er meadow path, up mountain slope, Through fragrant woods, I followed and sung; And aye in the sunny air she smiled, Bright as the cherub in Paphos born, And aye my soul with a glance she wiled, And tinged all earth with the hues of morn. Long she led me o'er hill and hollow, Through rivers wide, o'er mountains dun, Till she soared at last too high to follow, And singed her pinions in the sun.

"Follow your leader!" So said LOVE,
Or a fairy sporting in his guise.
I followed to lift the challenging glove
Of many a maid with tell-tale eyes.
I followed, and dreamed of young delights,
Of passionate kisses, joyous pains,
Of honied words in sleepless nights,
And amorous tear-drops thick as rains.

But, ah! full soon the frenzy slackened; There came a darkness and dimmed the ray, The passion cooled, the sunshine blackened, I lost the glory of my day.

"Follow your leader!" So said Fame
In the calmer hours of my fruitful noon.
O'er briery paths, through frost, through flame,
By torrent, and swamp, and wild lagoon,
Ever she led me, and ever I went,
With bleeding feet and sun-brown skin,
Eager ever and uncontent,
As long as life had a prize to win.
But Dead-Sea apples alone she gave me
To recompense me for my pain,
And still, though her luring hand she wave me,
I may not follow her steps again.

"Follow your leader!" So said GOLD,
Ere the brown of my locks gave place to grey.
I could not follow—her looks were cold;
Icy and brittle was the way.
And GOLD spread forth her wiles in vain,
So taking Power to aid her spell,
"Follow your leaders!" exclaimed the twain,
"For where we go shall pleasure dwell."
I followed, and followed, till age came creeping,
And silvered the hair on my aching head,
And I lamented in vigils weeping
A youth misspent, and a prime misled.

"Follow your leader!" I hear a voice Whispering to my soul this hour;—
"Who follows my light shall for ever rejoice, Nor crave the perishing arm of Power;
Who follows my steps shall for ever hold A blessing purer than earthly Love, Brighter than Fame, richer than Gold—So follow my light and look above."
'T is late to turn, but refuse I may not, My trustful eyes are heavenwards cast, And ever the sweet voice says, "Delay not, I'm thy first leader and thy last."

'T is the friend of my youth come back again, Sobered and chastened—but lovelier far Than when in those days of sun and rain She shone in my path as a guiding star. She led me then, a wayward boy, To things of Earth, and never of Heaven, But now she whispers diviner joy, Of errors blotted, of sins forgiven.

To a purpling sky she points her finger, As westward wearily I plod, And while I follow her steps, I linger Calm as herself, in the faith of God.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

MIGHTY river, oh, mighty river, Rolling in ebb and flow for ever. Through the city so vast and old: Through massive bridges-by demes and spires. Crowned with the smoke of a myriad fires :-City of majesty, power, and gold ;-Thou lovest to float on thy waters dull The white-winged fleets so beautiful, And the lordly steamers speeding along. Wind-defying, and swift and strong; Thou bearest them all on thy motherly breast, Laden with riches, at Trade's behest-Bounteous Trade, whose wine and corn Stock the garner and fill the horn, Who gives us Luxury, Joy, and Pleasure, Stintless, sumless, out of measure-Thou art a rich and a mighty river, Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

Doleful river, oh, doleful river, Pale on thy breast the moonbeams quiver. Through the city so drear and cold-City of sorrows hard to bear. Of guilt, injustice, and despair -City of miseries untold :-Thou hidest below, in thy treacherous waters, The death-cold forms of Beauty's daughters; The corses pale of the young and sad— Of the old whom sorrow has goaded mad-Mothers of babes that cannot know The sires that left them to their woe-Women forlorn, and men that run The race of passion, and die undone; Thou takest them all in thy careless wave. Thou givest them all a ready grave: Thou art a black and a doleful river. Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

In ebb and flow for ever and ever—
So rolls the world, thou murky river,
So rolls the tide, above and below:
Above, the rower impels his boat;
Below, with the current the dead men float;—
The waves may smile in the sunny glow,
While above, in the glitter, and pomp, and glare,
The flags of the vessels flap the air;
But below, in the silent under-tide,
The waters vomit the wretch that died:

Above, the sound of the music swells,
From the passing ship, from the city bells;
From below there cometh a gurgling breath,
As the desperate diver yields to death:
Above and below the waters go,
Bearing their burden of Joy or Woe;
Rolling along, thou mighty river,
In ebb and flow for ever and ever.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN was staunch and strong, Upright and downright, scorning wrong; He gave good weight, and paid his way, He thought for himself, and he said his say. Whenever a rascal strove to pass, Instead of silver, money of brass, He took his hammer, and said, with a frown, "The coin is spurious, nail it down."

John Littlejohn was firm and true, You could not cheat him in "two and two;" When foolish arguers, might and main, Darkened and twisted the clear and plain, He saw through the mazes of their speech The simple truth beyond their reach; And crushing their logic, said, with a frown, "Your coin is spurious, nail it down."

John Littlejohn maintained the right, Through storm and shine, in the world's despite; When fools or quacks desired his vote, Dosed him with arguments, learned by rote, Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried To gain his support to the wrongful side, "Nay, nay," said John, with an angry frown, "Your coin is spurious, nail it down."

When told that kings had a right divine, And that the people were herds of swine, That nobles alone were fit to rule, That the poor were unimproved by school, That ceaseless toil was the proper fate Of all but the wealthy and the great, John shook his head, and swore, with a frown, "The coin is spurious, nail it down."

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie if white was a small offence
To be forgiven by men of sense,
"Nay, nay," said John, with a sigh and frown,
"The coin is spurious, nail it down."

When told from the pulpit or the press
That heaven was a place of exclusiveness,
That none but those could enter there
Who knelt with the "orthodox" at prayer,

And held all virtues out of their pale
As idle works of no avail,
John's face grew dark, as he swore, with a frown,
"The coin is spurious, nail it down."

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretences of such a kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry,
Or a specious, sham philosophy,
With wrong dressed up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and exclaim, with a frown,
"The coins are spurious, nail them down."

THE POOR MAN'S BIRD.

A YEAR ago I had a child,
A little daughter fair and mild;
More precious than my life to me,
She sleeps beneath the churchyard tree.
Oh! she was good as she was fair,
Her presence was like balmy air;
She was a radiance in my room,
She was sunlight in my gloom.

She loved thee well, thou little bird,
Her voice and thine were ever heard;
They roused me when the morning shone,
But now I hear thy voice alone.
She called me gently to her side,
Gave me her bird, and, smiling, died.
Thou wert her last bequest to me;
I loved her fondly—I love thee.

'Tis true, I often think it hard,
Sweet lark, to keep thee here imbarred,
Whilst thou art singing all day long,
As if the fields inspired thy song,
As if the flow'rs, the woods, the streams,
Were present in thy waking dreams;
But yet, how can I let thee fly?
What couldst thou do with liberty?

What could'st thou do?—Alas, for me!
What should I do if wanting thee,
Sole relic of my Lucy dear?
There needs no talk—thou'rt prisoner here.
But I will make thy durance sweet,
I'll bring thee turf to cool thy feet;
Fresh turf, with daisies tipped in pink,
And water from the well to drink.

I need thee. Were it not to choose, Ere sunshine dry the morning dews, Thy fresh green turf, I should not stray Out to the fields the live-long day—I should be captive to the town, And waste my life in alleys brown; Thy wants impel me to the sward, And Nature's face is my reward.

Sweet bird, thou 'wakenest by thy song
Bright memories and affections strong;
At sight of thee I dream of flowers,
And running streams, and branching bowers;
But most of her whose little face
Was luminous with love and grace;
Thou art a link I may not break—
I love thee for my Lucy's sake.

UNKNOWN ROMANCES.

I.

Off have I wandered when the first faint light
Of morning shone upon the steeple vanes
Of sleeping London, through the silent night,
Musing on memories of joys and pains;—
And looking down long vistas of dim lanes
And shadowy streets, one after other spread
In endless coil, have thought what hopes now dead
Once bloomed in every house, what tearful rains
Women have wept for husband, sire, or son,
What love and sorrow ran their course in each,
And what great silent tragedies were done;—
And wished the dumb and secret walls had speech,
That they might whisper to me, one by one,
The sad true lessons that their walls might teach.

II.

Close and forgetful witnesses, they hide,
In nuptial chamber, attic, or saloon,
Many a legend sad of desolate bride
And mournful mother, blighted all too soon;

Of strong men's agony, despair, and pride,
And mental glory darkened ere its noon.
But let the legends perish in their place,
For well I know where'er these walls have seen
Humanity's upturned and heavenly face,
That there has virtue, there has courage been—
That ev'n 'mid passions foul, and vices base,
Some ray of goodness interposed between.
Ye voiceless houses, ever as I gaze
This moral flashes from your walls serene.

THE FLOATING STRAW.

A THOUGHT IN THE PANIC, 1847.

THE wild waves are my nightly pillows, Beneath me roll th' Atlantic billows; And as I rest on my couch of brine I watch the eternal planets shine. Ever I ride
On a harmless tide,
Fearing naught—enjoying all things—
Undisturbed by great or small things.

Alas! for the lordly vessel
That sails so gallantly.
The winds may dash it,
The storms may wash it,
The lightnings rend its tall masts three;
But neither the wind, nor the rain, nor the sea
Can injure me—can injure me.
The lightnings cannot strike me down,
Whirlwinds wreck, or whirlpools drown;
And the ship to be lost ere the break of morn,
May pass o'er my head in saucy scorn;

And when the night unveils its face, I may float, unharmed, in my usual place, And the ship may show to the pitying stars No remnant but her broken spars.

Among the shells
In the ocean dells
The ships, the crews, and the captains lie,
But the floating straw looks up to the sky.
And the humble and contented man,
Unknown to fortune, escapes her ban,
And rides secure when breakers leap,
And mighty ships go down to the deep.

May pleasant breezes waft them home That plough with their keels the driving foam. Heaven be their hope, and Truth their law;— There needs no prayer for the floating straw.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

What to do to make thy fame
Live beyond thee in the tomb?
And thine honourable name
Shine, a star, through History's gloom?

Seize the Spirit of thy Time,

Take the measure of his height,
Look into his eyes sublime,
And imbue thee with their light.

Know his words e'er they are spoken,
And with utterance loud and clear,
Firm, persuasive, and unbroken,
Breathe them in the people's ear.

Think whate'er the Spirit thinks, Feel, thyself, whate'er he feels, Drink at fountains where he drinks, And reveal what he reveals. And whate'er thy medium be, Canvas, stone, or printed sheet, Fiction, or philosophy, Or a ballad for the street;

Or, perchance, with passion fraught,
Spoken words, like lightnings thrown,
Tell the people all thy thought,
And the world shall be thine own.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,

The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,

Might stand erect,

In self-respect,

And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
Ever said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

THE GOLDEN MADNESS.

By the road-side there sat an aged man, Who all day long from dawn into the night Counted with weary fingers heaps of stones. His red eyes dropped with rheum, his yellow hands Trembled with palsy, his pale sunken cheeks Were marked with deep and venerable seams, His flat bald brow was ever bent to earth, His few grev hairs waved to the passing winds, His straggling teeth, blackened and carious, Rattled and tumbled from his bloodless gums. I spoke him kindly, saying, "Why this toil At task like this, cracking thy rotten bones, To gain nor health, nor recompense, nor thanks?" He made no answer, but went counting on, Mumbling and muttering slowly to himself, Chinking the stones with melancholy sound, Piece after piece; looking nor right, nor left, Nor upwards, but aye down upon the heap. I asked again, "What is it that thou dost,

Wasting the remnant of thy days in toil, Without fruition to thyself or kind, As earnestly as if these stones were gold, And all thine own to spend and to enjoy?" He looked upon me with a vacant eye, And stopped not in his task. "Gold! didst thou say? They are gold-precious, ready coined, and pure, And all mine own to spend and to enjoy, When I have counted them. So, get thee gone. Unless thou art a borrower or a thief. When I shall summon aid to make thee go. And scourge thee for thy pains." And aye he chinked The flints, and pebbles, and small chips of slate, One after one, muttering their numbers o'er, At every hundred stopping for awhile To rub his withered palms, and eye the heap With idiot happiness, ere he resumed.

There came a stranger by the way. I asked
If he knew aught of this forlorn old man.
"Right well," he said; "the creature is insane,
And hath been ever since he had a beard.
He first went mad for greediness of gold."
"Know ye his story?" "Perfectly," said he.
"Look how he counts his miserable flints
And bits of slate. Twelve mortal hours each day
He sits at work, summer and winter both.
"Mid storm or sunshine, heat or nipping frost,
He counts and counts; and since his limbs were young,

Till now that he is crooked and stiffened old, He hath not missed a day. The silly wretch Believes each stone a lump of shining gold, And that he made a bargain with the fiend, That if he 'd count one thousand million coins Of minted gold, audibly, one by one, The gold should be his own the very hour When he had told the thousand millionth piece; Provided always, as such bargains go, The fiend should have his soul in recompense.

"Unskilled in figures, but brimful of greed,
He chuckled at his bargain, and began;
And for a year reckoned with hopeful heart.
At last a glimpse of light broke on his sense,
And showed the fool that millions—quickly said—
Were not so quickly counted as he thought.
But still he plies his melancholy task,
Dreaming of boundless wealth and curbless power,
And slavish worship from his fellow-men.

"If he could reckon fifty thousand stones
Daily, and miss no day in all the year,
"T would take him five-and-fifty years of life
To reach the awful millions he desires.
He has been fifty of these years or more
Feeding his coward soul with this conceit.
Exposed to every blast, starved, wretched, old,
Toothless, and clothed with rags and squalidness,
He eyes his fancied treasure with delight,
And thinks to cheat the devil at the last.

Look at his drivelling lips, his bloodshot eyes, His trembling hands, his loose and yellow skin, His flimsy rottenness, and own with me That this man's madness, though a piteous thing, Deserves no pity, for the avarice So mean and filthy that was cause of it."

I gazed once more upon his wrinkled face,
Vacant with idiotcy, and went my way
Filled with disgust and sorrow, for I deemed
That his great lunacy was but a type
Of many a smaller madness as abject,
That daily takes possession of men's hearts
And blinds them to the uses of their life.
Poor fool! he gathers stones—they gather gold
With toil and moil, thick sweat and grovelling
thought.

He has his flints, and they acquire their coin. And who's the wiser? Neither he nor they.

THE MOWERS.

AN ANTICIPATION OF THE CHOLERA, 1848.

Dense on the stream the vapours lay,
Thick as wool on the cold highway;
Spongy and dim each lonely lamp
Shone o'er the streets so dull and damp;
The moonbeam could not pierce the cloud
That swathed the city like a shroud.
There stood three Shapes on the bridge alone,
Three figures by the coping stone;
Gaunt, and tall, and undefined,
Spectres built of mist and wind;
Changing ever in form and height,
But black and palpable to sight.

"This is a city fair to see,"
Whispered one of the fearful three;
"A mighty tribute it pays to me.
Into its river, winding slow,
Thick and foul from shore to shore,
The vessels come, the vessels go,
And teeming lands their riches pour.
It spreads beneath the murky sky
A wilderness of masonry;

Huge, unshapely, overgrown,
Dingy brick and blackened stone.
Mammon is its chief and lord,
Monarch slavishly adored;
Mammon sitting side by side
With Pomp, and Luxury, and Pride;
Who call his large dominions theirs,
Nor dream a portion is Despair's.

"Countless thousands bend to me In rags and purple, in hovel and hall, And pay the tax of misery With tears, and blood, and spoken gall. Whenever they cry For aid to die. I give them courage to dare the worst, And leave their ban on a world accurst. I show them the river so black and deep, They take the plunge, they sink to sleep; I show them poison, I show them rope, They rush to death without a hope. Poison, and rope, and pistol ball, Welcome either, welcome all! I am the lord of the teeming town-I mow them down, I mow them down!"

"Aye thou art great, but greater I," The second spectre made reply;

"Thou rulest with a frown austere, Thy name is synonym of Fear. But I, despotic and hard as thou, Have a laughing lip, an open brow. I build a temple in every lane. I have a palace in every street; And the victims throng to the doors amain, And wallow like swine beneath my feet. To me the strong man gives his health, The wise man reason, the rich man wealth, Maids their virtue, youth its charms, And mothers the children in their arms. Thou art a slaver of mortal men-Thou of the unit. I of the ten: Great thou art, but greater I, To decimate humanity. 'Tis I am the lord of the teeming town-I mow them down, I mow them down!"

"Vain boasters to exult at death,"
The third replied, "so feebly done;
I ope my jaws, and with a breath
Slay thousands while you think of one.
All the blood that Cæsar spilled,
All that Alexander drew,
All the hosts by 'glory' killed,
From Agincourt to Waterloo,
Compared with those whom I have slain,
Are but a river to the main.

"I brew disease in stagnant pools, And wandering here, disporting there, Favoured much by knaves and fools, I poison streams, I taint the air: I shake from my locks the spreading pest, I keep the typhus at my behest; In filth and slime I crawl, I climb. I find the workman at his trade. I blow on his lips, and down he lies; I look in the face of the ruddiest maid. And straight the fire forsakes her eyes-She droops, she sickens, and she dies; I stint the growth of babes new born, Or shear them off like standing corn: I rob the sunshine of its glow, I poison all the winds that blow; Whenever they pass they suck my breath, And freight their wings with certain death. 'T is I am the lord of the crowded town— I mow them down, I mow them down!

"But great as we are, there cometh one Greater than you—greater than I, To aid the deeds that shall be done, To end the work that we've begun, And thin this thick humanity. I see his footmarks east and west, I hear his tread in the silence fall,

He shall not sleep, he shall not rest—
He comes to aid us one and all.
Were men as wise as men might be,
They would not work for you, for me,
For him that cometh over the sea;
But they will not heed the warning voice.
The Cholera comes, rejoice! rejoice!

He shall be lord of the swarming town,
And mow them down, and mow them down!"

SAID I TO MYSELF, SAID I.

I'm poor and quite unknown,
I have neither fame nor rank;
My labour is all I own,
I have no gold at the bank;
I'm one of the common crowd,
Despised of the passers-by,
Contemned by the rich and proud—
Said I to myself, said I.

I want, and I cannot obtain,
The luxuries of the earth;
My raiment is scant and plain,
And I live in the fear of dearth;
While others can laugh or sing,
I have ever some cause to sigh;
I'm a weary wanderling—
Said I to myself, said I.

But is this grieving just?

Is it wise to fret and wail?

Is it right, thou speck of dust,
Thine envy should prevail?

Is it fitting thou should'st close
Thy sight to the sunny sky,
And an utter dark suppose?

Said I to myself, said I.

If poor, thou hast thy health;
If humble, thou art strong;
And the lark, that knows not wealth,
Ever sings a happy song.
The flow'rs rejoice in the air,
And give thy needs the lie;—
Thou'rt a fool to foster care,
Said I to myself, said I.

If the wants of thy pride be great,
The needs of thy health are small,
And the world is the man's estate
Who can wisely enjoy it all.
For him is the landscape spread,
For him do the breezes ply,
For him is the day-beam shed—
Said I to myself, said I.

For him are the oceans rolled,
For him do the rivers run,
For him doth the year unfold
Her bounties to the sun;
For him, if his heart be pure,
Shall common things supply
All pleasures that endure—
Said I to myself, said I.

For him each blade of grass
Waves pleasure as it grows;
For him, as the light clouds pass,
A spirit of beauty flows;
For him, as the streamlets leap,
Or the winds on the tree-tops sigh,
Comes a music sweet and deep—
Said I to myself, said I.

Nor of earth are his joys alone,
How mean soever his state—
On him from the starry zone
His ministering angels wait;
With him in voiceless thought
They hold communion high;
By them are his fancies fraught—
Said I to myself, said I.

I will mould my life afresh,
I will circumscribe desire;
Farewell to ye, griefs of flesh!
And let my soul aspire.
I will make my wishes few,
That my joys may multiply;
Adieu, false wants, adieu!—
Said I to myself, said I.

AN APPEAL TO PARIS.—1848.

BEAUTIFUL Paris! morning star of nations! The Lucifer of cities! Lifting high The beacon blaze of young democracy! Medina and Gomorrha both in one-Medina of a high and holy creed, To be developed in a coming time; Gomorrha, rampant with all vice and guilt :-Luxurious, godless, grovelling, soaring Paris, Laden with intellect, and yet not wise :-Metropolis of satire and lampoon, Of wit, of elegance, of mirth, of song, And fearful tragedies done day by day, Which put our hair on end in the open streets:-The busy hive of awful memories, The potent arbiter of popular will, The great electric centre whence the shocks Of pulsing freedom vibrate through the world: -Beautiful Paris! sacred to our hearts. With all thy folly, all thy wickedness, If but for Bailly, Vergniaud, Gensonné, And noblest Roland, she of Roman soul,

And the great patriots and friends of man. Who went to death for holy liberty. Lift up thy voice, oh, Paris! once again, And speak the thought that labours in thy breast. Shake off thy gauds and tinsels—be thyself; Cease thy lewd jests, and heartless revelries, And adorations of all worthless things-Thy scorn, thy sarcasm, and thy unbelief, And in the conflict and the march of men Do justice to thy nature, and complete The glorious work, so gloriously begun By the great souls of pregnant eighty-nine. Come forth, oh, Paris! freed from vice and stain, Like a young warrior, dallying too long With loving women, wasting precious hours In base delights and enervating sloth, Who, when he shakes them off, puts back his hair From his broad brow, and places on his head The plumed helmet—throws his velvets off, And swathes his vigorous limbs in glancing steel, To lead true hearts to struggle for mankind. Or if no more, soldier of liberty, Thou 'It lead the nations—stand upon the hill, And, like a prophet, preach a holy creed Of freedom, progress, peace, and happiness; And all the world shall listen to thy voice, Ard Tyranny, hyena big with young, Dreading the sound, shall farrow in affright, And drop, still-born, her sanguinary cubs,

And many a bloody feud be spared mankind. Poland again, with desperate grasp, shall seize The neck of her enslaver, and extort Full justice from his terror. Hungary. Ermined and crowned, shall sit in her own seat In peaceful state and sober majesty. And Italy, unloosening her bonds By her strong will, shall be at last the home Of broadly based and virtuous liberty: And in her bosom nurture evermore. Not the fierce virtues of her Roman youth. But the calm blessings of her later time— Science and art, and civilizing trade, Divine philosophy, diviner song, And true religion reconciled with man. Speak out, oh, Paris! purify thyself By noble thoughts, and deeds will follow them. The world has need of thee. Humanity Droops for thy dalliance with degraded things, Alien, and most unworthy of the soul That sleeps within thee. Rouse thyself, oh. Paris! The time expects thee. Pyrenees, and Alps, And Appenines, and snow-clad Balkans, wait. With all their echoes, to repeat the words Which thou must utter! Thou hast slumbered long Long dallied. Speak! The world will answer thee

THOUGHTS.

True thoughts, your days of grief are done, No more shall scorn or hate impede you— Born in the light, where'er the sun Shines on mankind, mankind shall heed you.

So grow, ye grains of mustard seed, Grow each into a tree, And kindle, sparks, to beal-fires bright, That all the earth may see. And spread, ye thoughts of Truth and Right, O'er all humanity.

Time was when thoughts bore tears and death To the wise few that dared to raise them; Time is when thoughts are living breath, And the world's throbbing heart obeys them.

So grow, ye grains of mustard seed, Grow each into a tree, And kindle, sparks, to beal-fires bright, That all the earth may see. And spread, ye workers for the Right, Onwards eternally.

THE PHILOSOPHIST.

A PORTRAIT.

He turns to heaven his small grey eyes, He opes his lips in pompous wise, And lets his measured accents fall With a rough burr and northern drawl, As he expounds his theories.

He talks of Nature and her laws, Of man, the mind, the great First Cause, Demand, supply, life, death, increase, The over-fruitfulness of peace, And prates upon them, clause by clause.

War, like a thunder-storm, quoth he, Is moral electricity; It thins the heavy air, makes clear The dense and dangerous atmosphere O'erladen with humanity. 'T is cruel shame, mistake most dire, That men should mate in young desire, And trust alone to honest toil, The kindly heaven, the genial soil, For food, and shelter, and attire.

He thinks it time the truth were said— That mouths, too many to be fed, Swarm on the superpopulous land, And that small wit may understand That stupid peasants should not wed.

He thinks it decent, for the sake
Of lords with large domains at stake,
That "common people" should not breed
More plenteously than they can feed,
And that steam husbandmen would "take."

If each poor couple, boors and clowns, Or dirty artizans of towns, Would, when they wed, produce but two To take their place in season due, Philosophy might spare its frowns;

But this not chancing, he declares The rich alone should live in pairs, And for their sake each other man Consume as little as he can, And die unmated in his cares. He thinks, while sympathy is sure, That mendicancy is the cure For pauperism; that 't is not right To mulet the rich in their despite, But that the poor should feed the poor.

This said, he clasps his fingers ten, And sniffs th' applause of voice and pen; Bows placidly, goes home to dine, And wastes the food, in pomp and wine, Of half a hundred better men.

MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

AN ASPIRATION FROM TOWN.

What time the fern puts forth its rings,
What time the early throstle sings,
I love to fly the murky town,
And tread the moorlands, bare and brown;
From greenest level of the glens
To barest summit of the Bens,
To trace the torrents where they flow,
Serene or brawling, fierce or slow;
To linger pleased, and loiter long,
A silent listener to their song.

Farewell, ye streets! Again I 'll sit On crags to watch the shadows flit; To list the buzzing of the bee, Or branches waving like a sea; To hear far off the cuckoo's note, Or lark's clear carol high afloat, And find a joy in every sound,
Of air, the water, or the ground;
Of fancies full, though fixing nought,
And thinking—heedless of my thought.

Farewell! and in the teeth of care
I 'll breathe the buxom mountain air,
Feed vision upon dyes and hues
That from the hill-top interfuse,
White rocks, and lichens born of spray,
Dark heather tufts, and mosses grey,
Green grass, blue sky, and boulders brown,
With amber waters glistening down,
And early flowers, blue, white, and pink,
That fringe with beauty all the brink.

Farewell, ye streets! Beneath an arch Of drooping birch or feathery larch, Or mountain ash, that o'er it bends, I 'll watch some streamlet as it wends; Some brook whose tune its course betrays, Whose verdure dogs its hidden ways—Verdure of trees and bloom of flowers, And music fresher than the showers, Soft-dripping where the tendrils twine; And all its beauty shall be mine.

Aye, mine, to bring me joy and health, And endless store of mental wealthWealth ever given to hearts that warm To loveliness of sound or form,
And that can see in Nature's face
A hope, a beauty, and a grace—
That in the city or the woods,
In thoroughfares or solitudes,
Can live their life at Nature's call,
Despising nothing, loving all.

Sweet streams, that over summits leap,
Or fair in rock-hewn basins sleep;
That foaming burst in bright cascades,
Or toy with cowslips in the shades;
That shout till earth and sky grow mute,
Or tinkle lowly as a lute;
That sing a song of lusty joy,
Or murmur like a love-lorn boy;
That creep or fall, that flow or run—
I doat upon you every one.

For many a day of calm delight,
And hour of pleasure stol'n from night;
For morning freshness, joy of noon,
And beauty rising with the moon;
For health, encrimsoner of cheeks,
And wisdom gained on mountain peaks;
For inward light from Nature won,
And visions gilded by the sun;
For fancies fair, and waking dreams—
I love ye all, ye mountain streams.

BARON BRAEMAR.

A "TILT" WITH A GREAT DUKE.

"I'm lord of the Corrie, I'm chief of the Ben,
I rule like a kaiser o'er mountain and glen;
The people may tramp over city and town,
But their feet shall not tread on my moorlands so brown.
Their presence would trouble the tremulous deer,
And grouse, and not men, shall be denizens here,
As long as my title holds good against bar,
And all for my pleasure," quoth Baron Braemar.

"I've drained off the peasants, I've banished them forth—There is scarcely a Celt on the hills of the North;
And the few that remain by the shores of the sea,
May die or live on without hindrance from me.
And, thanks to the law, while my land is my own
I'll keep it for grouse, or the red-deer alone,
And roam o'er my mountains supreme as a czar,
And meet not a pauper," quoth Baron Braemar.

"The land may be lovely, most pleasant its paths, Most lordly its mountains, most verdant its straths, Most beauteous the torrents that scatter their spray, Or dash down in foam o'er the rocks in the way; What matters its beauty to Cockneys or snobs, To Jones or to Jenkins, to Smith or to Hobbs? The region is mine, both the near and the far; They shall not behold it," quoth Baron Braemar.

"What business have they in my glens or my woods, To clamber my mountains, to roam by my floods, To tread my wild heather, or wander at will From the vale to the mist-covered cope of the hill? Did I not inherit? am I not the lord? Let them place but a foot upon moorland or sward, And my dogs and my gillies shall 'nose' them afar, And hunt them for pastime," quoth Baron Braemar.

"'T is true that a murmur resounds from the crowd, A murmur fast spreading, indignant, and loud, That starts ugly questions of 'Justice' and 'Right,' And doubts to be solved by the popular might;— A murmur which hints that such questions should sleep If those who still hold are desirous to keep;— But let them rail on—'t is with words that they war: My weapons are stronger," quoth Baron Braemar.

O mighty Lord Baron, great dealer in deer, Great owner of moorlands, a word in your ear:— Would you like, in your fulness of insolent pride,
To farm out the sea, and take rents for the tide?
Would you like the Earth's fatness to grow but for you?
Would you shut us from sunshine, the air, and the dew?
Would you fence out the sky from us vulgar afar?—
You would if you could, my Lord Baron Braemar.

One word as a warning:—We think 't would be wise
If you 'd come from your deserts and open your eyes;—
Free foot on the mountain, free path in the glen—
Not all for your cattle—leave something for men.
And if from the tourist you shrink with dismay,
Turn the wilds into corn-fields and keep him away:
Our isle is too narrow for Nimrods, by far;
We cannot afford them, my Lord of Braemar.

Were Commerce extinct—were our Trade at a stand—Were the mouths to be fed growing few in the land—Were we back to the point of a century agone—We might leave you your moors to go shooting upon. But e'en in such case 't would be worse than insane To refuse us a sight of the hills where you reign. Is it safer just now?—Look at things as they are, And be wise while there 's time, my Lord Baron Braemar.

THE

DEATH BANQUET OF THE GIRONDINS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

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THE DEATH BANQUET OF THE GIRONDINS.

A FRAGMENT.

[" The Girondins spent the last night of their captivity in the great dungeon-that Hall of Death. The tribunal had ordered that the still warm corpse of Valazé should be taken back to the prison, carried on the same cart with his accomplices to the place of execution, and buried with them. * * The gendarmes placed the body in a corner of the prison. The Girondins, one after the other, kissed the heroic hand of their friend. They covered his face with his mantle. 'To-morrow!' said they to the corpse; and they gathered their strength for the coming day. It was near midnight. The deputy Bailleul, proscribed like them but concealed in Paris, had promised to send them from without, on the day of their judgment, a last repast-of triumph or of death, according as they might be acquitted or condemned. By the help of a friend, he kept his word. The funeral supper was spread in the great dungeon. Costly viands, rare wines, flowers, and lights covered the oak table of the prison. * * The meal lasted till the dawn of day. Vergniaud, seated near the centre of the table, presided with the same calm dignity which he had preserved during the night of the 10th of August while presiding over the Convention. guests ate and drank with sobriety-merely to recruit their strength. Their discourse was grave and solemn, though not sad. Many of them spoke of the immortality of the soul, and expressed their belief in a future state."-LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE GIRONDINS.

"The last night of the Girondins was sublime. Vergniaud was provided with poison. He threw it away that he might die with his

friends. They took a last meal together, at which they were by turns merry, serious, and eloquent. Brissot and Gensonné were grave and pensive. Vergniaud spoke of expiring liberty in the noblest terms of regret, and of the destination of man with persuasive eloquence. Ducos repeated verses which he had composed in prison; and they all joined in singing hymns to France and liberty."—Thiers's History of the French Revolution.]

VERGNIAUD.

Never despair of Goodness. Men are bad. But have been worse. The badness shall die out: The goodness, like the thistle-down, shall float, Bearing a germ beneath its tiny car-A germ predestined to become a tree, To fall on fruitful soil, and on its boughs Bear seed enough to stock the universe. Never despair of Freedom. Though we die In cruel martyrdom most undeserved. What matters it—if Truth survive our bones? No, my dear brothers, we shall not despair, Now or hereafter, for ourselves or men; For we are sorrow-proof; our souls have borne All the worst ills that can afflict the just. We can sit down, strengthened by virtuous will, And dare all malice and all power of men To add one mental pang to bodily death, Or rob us of the smallest privilege That appertains to our humanity. They may manure their gardens with our flesh,

And decompose our scaffolding of bones, But cannot harm us, cannot touch the *I*, The *Thou*, that dwells in clay receptacle, Vast, awful, inaccessible, alone, And indestructible as earth or heaven.

BRISSOT.

Would we could summon our poor Valazé
To visit us, and his forsaken corpse,
Which bears us now such mournful company.
What secrets he could tell us if he might.
Perchance even now he listens to our words,
And shares our sorrow as he shared before.

SILLERY.

I do propose that in a solemn pledge Over this wine we bear our love to him— The soul of Valazė, if soul he have, Outliving its poor garb of flesh and bone, Or I, or thou, or any piece of dust That walks on legs and calls itself a man; Here's to his memory!—and, if he live, May he be happy in the light of heaven.

BRISSOT.

Dear Valazé! 'tis pleasant to my soul, For soul I have, coeval with its God, To think that he is with us at this hour; Filled with the virtuous joy that shall be ours, Soon as the bloody knife has done its work In opening the door 'twixt earth and heaven, And letting us go free.

LASOURCE.

Free of the earth, perhaps, but free as gods? To love, to know, to labour, to aspire? They say that heaven is full beatitude, Bliss infinite, and yet a bliss complete, Sum of all hopes, and crown of all desire. I would not pass into a stagnant heaven, For ever singing psalms and saying prayers. Ah, no; the heaven that my spirit craves, If place it be, and not a state of mind, Is place for Progress—infinite as God. There is no good but effort. Paradise, With nothing to be done, would be to me Worse than the blackest Hell that Dante drew, Or English Milton in his awful song.

DUCOS.

What work would'st do? Would'st like to strive in heaven With Robespierres or Dantons? or would'st go

Down to the other place to battle there?

LASOURCE.

As for the other place, there is no hell
But that which dwells in the ungodly soul—
A hell eternal as the soul itself.
But for the virtuous and aspiring mind
There is no task more adequate to heaven
Than war with Error. Light was only made
To change the alien Darkness to itself;
Love but to conquer and extinguish Hate.

CARRA.

I have two doubts; but to my tranquil mind Each is a comfort. If perchance I go
Out of this body and remain myself,
I feel that God is good, and that this self
Shall not be damned, whatever bigots feign,
But shall enjoy the infinitude of love.
And if I go not hence—if I am this,—
This bag of joints, and arteries, and flesh—
Nothing besides—and consciousness expires
When the lungs cease their functions, and the heart
Sends to the pulse the living stream no more,
There is nor disappointment, grief, nor pain,
In thought of nothingness. I 've lived my life,
And can go down to Death without a pang,
And think annihilation bliss indeed.

DUCOS.

I take an interest in things. And would be glad to learn the fate of France. For whose dear sake we die to-morrow morn: And if the "incorruptible" corrupt And bloody Robespierre shall 'scape the toils He sets for us. I should be glad to know How long the savage hounds that lap our blood Shall offer up such holocausts to Hate, As we shall be, ere shines another sun. Nor that alone :- I should rejoice to see What great new poets shall arise with Time. What famous plays and mighty play-actors Shall draw the tears from lovely ladies' eyes, Or dimple their sweet cheeks to heavenly smiles; What new discoveries shall yet be made, Greater than printing or than gunpowder: And what shall be the fashion of men's beards And young girls' petticoats a century hence; How long the French Republic shall endure. And whether any Cromwell shall arise To turn our troubles to his own account: Or worst of all, whether the Capet race Shall mount the throne again to play the fool, And drive humanity a century back; And whether Catholic and Protestant Shall hate each other in the days to come, And do foul murder for the love of God, As they have done since Luther was a priest.

OF THE GIRONDINS.

FONFRÈDE.

And so should I; but not alone to know.

To see the miseries of this poor world,

Without the power to aid in their relief,

Would be indeed as bad as pitchy hell,

And worms that die not, and tormenting fiends.

No, no, Ducos; if we return at all,

We shall return refreshed, and play a part.

VERGNIAUD.

Keep to thy thought, Fonfrède, and lose it not; The soul, partaker of Divinity,
Must be partaker of Infinity—
Must know alike the secrets of all space,
And of this little grain of rolling sand
That we are born upon. Yes, we shall see,
Clear as a book, the riddle of the world;
We shall repeat the watchword of the stars;
We shall drink in divine enravishment,
As full upon us burst the harmonies
Of rolling planets, systems, firmaments.
The key-note of the music shall be plain,
And we shall strike it whensoe'er we will,
And add to infinite Joy, Love infinite.

FAUCHET.

If we are worthy. Not to every soul Such love and joy as thou depicturest. Freed from its earthly shell, th' eternal mind Must struggle there, as it has struggled here,

Upward, still upward, with incessant toil, To make itself partaker of the bliss, That in a widening circle God hath spread Through his ineffable eternity.

SILLERY.

Is talking, struggling? For I trust, dear friend, There will be talking in the other world. And that we, twenty-one, now supping here, Discoursing mistily of earth and heaven, Shall have a nobler banquet in the sky, And better talk in better company, To-morrow night; -- banquet of heavenly fruits, Ambrosia, nectar, manna, wine of gods, And converse with the mighty men of yore:-Socrates, Plato, Buddha, Mahomet, Homer, Anacreon, Euripides, Ovid and Dante, Shakspere and Corneille, With Cæsar, Antony, and Constantine, With Cleopatra, Hero, Helena, Eve, and Semiramis, and Joan of Arc, And a whole host of the undying dead-Sages, philosophers, and ancient kings, Bards, statesmen, actors, dancing girls, and wits, And most beloved, our brother Valazé, Gone as a herald to announce the doom Of three times seven unconquerable souls, Coming to join them ere the world goes round. Or the next twilight deepens into day.

LASOURCE.

What ails our friend, our brother Vergniaud? His gaze is fixed upon vacuity—
He hears us not—he looks, but sees us not.
Kind sleep has thrown her mantle over him,
And in his slumber flow unbidden tears.

FONFREDE.

I could weep with him. Here we sit and talk Of heaven and hell, unloosing knotty points, Or grappling with them, but to make the coil A worse entanglement—forgetting France, And those who love us. I've not shed a tear, But I could weep a flood, and in each drop Pay tribute to my own humanity, Which blushes for me, that I should forget In these last hours my few my faithful friends; And she, the dear companion of my soul—My love—my better life—that prays for me In solitude and sorrow; or, perchance, Watches outside these very walls, and weeps. The tears are gathering in my eyes for her, And they must flow, or make my heart a wreck.

VERGNIAUD.

Let the flood burst: tears are the wine of grief, And will inspire thee more than sparkling Ai Can stir the pulses of a bacchanal. I crave no pardon for the tears I 've shed, The latest luxury that 1 shall taste.

In one short minute I have lived a life,
Felt all my joys, and suffered all my woes;
Loved all my loves, hoped all my hopes, despaired
All the despairs that ever dulled my sense;
Spoken my speeches, stirred a listening land
In name of freedom and the rights of men,
Ending this cosmorama of my days
By weeping on the breast of her I love
The tears you saw me shed—the tears whose flow
Refreshed my heated brain, and bore me back
To consciousness of now, which I had lost.

GENSONNÉ.

Even so with me. I have been living lives In minutes since our festival began. Aye as the sands grows scanty in the glass Of unrelenting time, the falling grain Exceeds in value all that went before, And years of feeling load the back of each. Five minutes past I was a little child—I roamed in meadows, gathering violets, I bathed my tiny feet in running streams, I strutted o'er the sward with martial drum, I conned my painful lesson in the school, I nestled in my little sister's breast, And fell asleep, my arms entwining her. And then I grew into a thoughtful boy,

Full of high projects and intense desires— Passion and folly, wisdom and romance, Ruling my soul by turns. Another grain Dropped in the glass, and, lo! I was a man Filled with ambition, and desire of fame, Raising my voice above the popular din. To swell the rallying cry of ceaseless war To royal tyranny and feudal wrong. Another grain dropped through, and I was wed, And lived long years of bridal happiness. I built my house upon a hill. I planned Gardens and orchards, parks, and sloping lawns, And fled from clash of modern politics To ancient lore and calm philosophy. Another grain, and all the visions fled. I braved false judges in the judgment seat, Dishonouring judgment and the name of man; Defied them to their teeth, and dared to die, And leave my fate a legacy to Time. All this, and more, unwinding like a scroll. Has passed before me at this feast of death, Even as I talked, and drank, and laughed with you. A double consciousness—an added self Swathed me all o'er, as glory swathes a saint.

DUCOS.

Thy visions have been brave, dear Gensonné. I have been thinking of my mistresses,

Eulalie, Marie, Gabrielle, Fifine—
Who loved me first—who last—and who the best;
And whether one of them to-morrow morn
Will give a last and solitary thought
To me, a man defrauded of my head,
Having no property in my own life,
And lost to them for loving liberty,
And daring to interpret for myself
What meant the name.

SILLERY

Did'st love the four at once? or two by two? Or did'st thou take the darlings one by one? Or love this liberty still more than them? In either case why should they weep for thee, So loose and fickle in thy preference? And yet 't is sweet to know a woman sighs For our distresses, and would share them all. If sharing would relieve. Fill up again-We grow lugubrious. I, that ever laughed, Crutch-ridden, and decrepit as I am, At nightly comedy, and daily farce, Played in all places—forum, palace, street, In church and tavern, attic or saloon-Must not be tragic, ev'n though dungeon walls Shut from my vision that stupendous farce-The rolling earth. Fill to the brim your cups. We'll toast our friends, our wives, our mistresses.

VERGNIAUD.

God bless the maid whose image fills my soul,
The incarnation of all purity—
All modesty—all loveliness—all grace,
My own heart's partner—my betrothed wife.
Never to see me in this mortal state—
Never to these pale, faithful lips of mine
To give the answering kiss of plighted truth.
God shower His blessings on her! May she live,
Unscathed, in all the perils of the time,
And love of me be thought no crime in her
By those who wield the destinies of France,
And slay the innocent.

FAUCHET.

Amen, amen-for her, and all we love.

DUCOS.

We grow too serious. If we ransack thus
The stores of memory for joys bygone,
For hopes decayed, and loves for ever lost,
We shall unman ourselves, and yield our breath
Like love-sick maidens, who, in deep decline,
Aye prattle prettily of moonlit seas,
Fresh flowers, green meads, and shady forest walks,
To the last moment of their artless lives.
In my philosophy there are no tears,
No sighs, no groans, no useless fond regrets,
But a stout heart, and laughter to the last.

(Sings.)

THE CAP AND BELLS.

Did you ever trust a friend,
And when cheated trust him more?
Ever seek to gain your end,
Knocking at a rich man's door?
Do you trust your Doris fair,
When her tale of love she tells?
You deserve the cap you wear,
Jingle, jangle—shake your bells.

Think you that the men are wise
Who embark in public strife?
Or their judgment do you prize
Who for country risk their life?
Truth's existence could you swear?
Or affirm where honour dwells?
You deserve the cap you wear,
Jingle, jangle—shake your bells.

FONFRÈDE.

The voice is good—the singer, my good friend—The manner perfect, but the song itself
A baseless libel. Try again, Ducos,
And give us something in a nobler mood.
We may not die with falsehood on our tongues,
And gibes and sneers curvetting on our lips.

DUCOS.

If, like a swan, I must expire in song, Hear my death anthem. Join it, if you will.

THE GREY OWL.

The grey owl sat on the belfry leads,
And looked o'er the Seine to the place of heads,
Over the Seine to the Place de Grève.
The winds were sighing, the trees replying.
The moonlight streamed o'er the abbey nave,
Over the housetops silently lying
White as the mist when the morn is new;
And aye the owl, so solemn of look,
The speckled grey of his plumage shook,

Clear and full the moonlight swam

Around the towers of Notre Dame,

And tinged on the Grève the guillotine—

The winds were sighing, the trees replying—

And screeched in the turret—tu wheet, tu whoo!

When a cry was heard the gusts between, A mean for the dead, and not for the dying, Dolefully sounding the faubourgs through.

'T was the howl of a dog for his master slain, And the grey owl flapped his wings again, And screeched in the turret—tu wheet, tu whoo! He flapped his wings, and away he lurched
Over the Scine, and resting, perched
On the high cross-beam of the guillotine top.
The winds were sighing, the trees replying.
The tail of the howling hound did drop
As he saw through the pallid moonlight flying
The doleful bird loom into his view;
He ceased his moan and slunk away,
And the old owl rustled his pinions grey,
And screeched from the scaffold—tu wheet, tu whoo.

"Hurra!" quoth he, as the creature ran;
"What right have dogs to moan for man,
Or of love like this to make pretence?"

The winds were sighing, the trees replying.
"Such canine truth is a foul offence;
For if every fool on the guillotine dying,
Had a friend like this to howl and rue,
Their noise would drown the people's roar
When it tasted blood and clamoured for more."

And the grey owl screeched—tu wheet, tu whoo!

"I wot that to-morrow's sun shall see
The death of a goodly company—
I trust no dogs will howl for them."
The winds were sighing, the trees replying.
"Two-and-twenty we condemn—
One has escaped from the shame of dying,

Opened a door and glided through;
Yet two-and-twenty heads in all
Under the bloody knife shall fall."

And the grey owl screeched—tu wheet, tu whoo!

"Many shall follow them day by day,
The harvest-time shall not delay—
The headsman's harvest, so ripe, so red."
The winds were sighing, the trees replying.

"I know the name of each sentenced head—
Danton, the harsh and death-defying—
All his friends that think him true—
Brutal and greedy Père Duchêsne,
With all his comrades, all his train."
And the grey owl screeched—tu wheet, tu whoo!

"And after a while a greater still
Shall tread the road, shall climb the hill,
Amid the shouts of the changeful crowd"—
The winds were sighing, the trees replying—
"And shall headless sleep in a bloody shroud.
Hated in life, accursed in dying,
He shall meet the doom of the twenty-two;
And his name shall live the world to scare—
"T is Robespierre! 't is Robespierre!"
And the grey owl screeched—tu wheet, tu whoo!

SILLERY.

Who is your owl, Ducos?—the embodied soul Of Marat visiting the earth again?

Whoe'er he be, his prophecies are safe,
And through the glooms of Time his eyes can see
About as clearly as some men's, I know.
'T is a brave bird, Ducos, and speaks the truth,
Although his voice is harsh, his truth a fear,
And deeds of blood his too familiar thought.

LASOURCE.

Behold the dawn. It breaks upon the world. How at this hour the oceans sport their waves, And turn their frothy ringlets to the light, And all the peaks of Alps and Apennines Catch on their snowy heights the ruddy gold, The silver, and the purple, and the grey, And all the glory of its majesty. The ancient forests shake their lordly boughs. And pay obeisance to the rising morn, The green fields smile, dew glistening, in its face. The distant towns and villages awake, The milk-maid sings, the cow-boy winds his horn. And lowing cattle climb the sunward hills, The twin grey towers of ancient Nôtre Dame Are gilded with a smile, like hoary age Relaxing to behold an infant's play-Aye, even the gory guillotine receives The splendour of the morning, and the slave Drinks of the sunshine freely as the free. What beauty compasses the teeming world!

What hideous spectacles ungrateful men Throw in its face, to tire it of itself! Beautiful morn! my blessing upon day!

SILLERY.

And mine—if worth acceptance. But, behold,
The gaoler comes—our feast is at an end;
The death-bell tolls. Time fades to nothingness;
The hideous dream of life draws to its close;
The morning of Eternity is near.
Let us arise, and wake like healthful men.

FAUCHET.

May God have mercy on us, and forgive Our enemies, as we forgive them now.

VERGNIAUD.

Farewell, dear brothers—farewell, friends beloved. The victims of a fearful tyranny
We die, but leave our names an heritage
That France shall wear, and boast of to the world.

* * * * *

THE KING AND THE NIGHTINGALES.

A LEGEND OF HAVERING.

[Havering-atte-Bower, in Essex, was the favourite retirement of King Edward the Confessor, who so delighted in its solitary woods, that he shut himself up in them for weeks at a time. Old legends say that he met with but one annoyance in that pleasant seclusion—the continual warbling of the nightingales, pouring such floods of music upon his ear during his midnight meditations, as to disturb his devotions. He therefore prayed that never more within the bounds of that forest might nightingale's song be heard. His prayer, adds the legend, was granted. The following versification of the story shows a different result to his prayers—a result which if it contradict tradition, does not, it is presumed, contradict poetical justice.]

King Edward dwelt at Havering-atte-Bower—Old, and enfeebled by the weight of power—Sick of the troublous majesty of kings—Weary of duty and all mortal things—Weary of day—weary of night—forlorn—Cursing, like Job, the hour that he was born. Thick woods environed him, and in their shade He roamed all day, and told his beads, and prayed. Men's faces pained him, and he barred his door That none might find him;—even the sunshine bore

No warmth or comfort to his wretched sight; And darkness pleased no better than the light. He scorned himself for eating food like men, And lived on roots and water from the fen: And ave he groaned, and bowed his hoary head-Did penance, and put nettles in his bed-Wore sackcloth on his loins, and smote his breast-Told all his follies, all his sins confessed-Made accusations of himself to heaven. And owned to crimes too great to be forgiven, Which he had thought, although he had not done-Blackening his blackness; numbering one by one Unheard of villanies without a name, As if he gloried in inventing shame, Or thought to win the grace of heaven by lies, And gain a saintship in a fiend's disguise.

Long in these woods he dwelt—a wretched man,
Shut from all fellowship, self-placed in ban—
Laden with ceaseless prayer and boastful vows,
Which day and night he breathed beneath the boughs.
But sore distressed he was, and wretched quite,
For every evening with the waning light
A choir of nightingales, the brakes among,
Deluged the woods with overflow of song.
"Unholy birds," he said, "your throats be riven,
You mar my prayers, you take my thoughts from heaven."
But still the song, magnificent and loud,
Poured from the trees like rain from thunder-cloud.

EVERMORE-NEVERMORE.

"Wilt thou run to me for ever?"
Said the ocean to the river.
"Will ye ever fall on my hills and plains?"
Said the dry land to the rains.
"Will ye ever blossom while I sing?"
Said the lark to the flowers of spring.
"Will ye ever ripen while I shine?"
Said the sun to the corn and vine.
And ever the answer the breezes bore
Was, "Evermore—for evermore."

"As long as all these things shall be,"
Said I, to Rosa kissing me,
"Shall Truth be sharper than a sword?
Shall kindness be its own reward?
Shall a free heart smoothe the roughest way?
Shall Hope shed light on the darkest day?

Shall tempests spare the reeds that bow, And thou love me as thou lovest now?" And ever the answer her sweet lips bore Was, "Evermore—for evermore."

"But shall I ever come back from thee?"
Said the river to the sea;
"Or I?" said the flower that Rosa threw
Into its waters bright and blue.
"Will ye bloom again on the summer eves?"
aid the tree to its withered leaves.
"Wilt thou fall again when the north winds blow?"
Said the grass to the melting snow.
And ever the answer the breezes bore
Was, "Nevermore—oh, nevermore."

"If such the rule beneath the skies,"
Said Rosa, gazing in my eyes,
"Shall Duty quit the debt we owe her,
Or blisses fail the bliss bestower?
Shall a miser's heart be improved by his gold?
Shall the wealth of Love be ever told?
Or thou prove false to the tender vow
Thou swearest and repeatest now?"
And aye the answer my true lips bore
Was, "Nevermore—oh, nevermore."

THE TRUE COMPANION.

Give me the man, however old and staid,
Or worn with sorrow and perplexity,
Who, when he walks in sunshine or in shade,
By woodland bowers, or bare beach of the sea,
O'er hill-top, or in valleys green with me,
Throws off his age and gambols like a child,
And finds a boyish pleasure in the wild,
Rejuvenescent on the flowery lea:
Him shall the year press lightly as he goes;
The kindly wisdom gathered in the fields
Shall be his antidote to wordly woes;
And the o'erflowing joy that nature yields
To her true lovers shall his heart enclose,
And blunt the shafts of care like iron shields.

WELCOME BACK.

Sweet songs of nightingale and lark
That greet the golden dawn,
Or twilight deepening into dark,
By mountain, grove, or lawn;
Long days, clear nights, and balmy winds,
Fresh flowers and forest leaves,
Birds, blossoms, fruits of ruddy rinds,
New hay, and barley sheaves;
All joys of nature, sounds or sights
Of forest, stream, or plain,
Ye're welcome, welcome ever,
And welcome back again.

Fair hopes, forgotten 'mid our toils; Sweet visions dreamed of yore, Calm thoughts effaced in life's turmoils, Old songs we 've sung before; Forgotten comrades, friends estranged,
Acquaintance o'er the seas,
Old feelings weakened, lost, or changed,
And youthful memories;
Pure joys of home, kind words, sweet smiles,
And sympathy in pain,
Ye're welcome, welcome, welcome ever,
And welcome back again.

For heaven is kind, and makes no stint
Of blessings, though we die;
They pass in circles, and imprint
Their footsteps as they fly.
'T is ours to train them when begun
To keep the circle true,
And not neglect, forget, or shun
The old ones for the new.
Ne'er to the hearts that prize them well
They hold their course in vain:
They're welcome, welcome, welcome ever,
And welcome back again.

A LOVER'S FANCIES.

- "What sounds like pewter?" said my Rose, in play—
 "The fall of earth upon a coffin lid."
- "Like tin?"—" The cock-crow heralding the day,
 Or infant wailing that its mother chid."
- "Like steel?"—"The quick sharp twitter on the spray
 Of numerous sparrows in the foliage hid."
- "Like gold?"—"The strong wind over forests borne,
 Or full bass singer chanting prayer and creed."
- "Like brass?"—"The neighing of a frightened steed,
 Or roar of people clamouring for corn."
- "Like iron?"—"Thunder-claps suddenly woken, ".
 Startling the city in the summer night."
- "Like silver?"—"Thy sweet voice that speaks delight,
 And breathes Love's promise, never to be broken."

THE NINE BATHERS.

"I would like to bathe in milk,"
Said little Agnes, fresh and fair,
With her taper fingers smooth as silk,
Her cherry cheeks, and nut brown hair—
"In a bath of ivory, filled to the brim,
I would love to lie and swim,
And float like a strawberry plucked at dawn
In the lily-white waves of milk new drawn."

"And I," said Rose, with her eyes divine,
"Would love to bathe in the ruddy wine,
Trailing my long and coal-black locks
In purple clarets and amber hocks;
And I would have a fountain play
So that the wine might fall in spray,

And I might stand in the sparkling rain, Statue like, in perfect rest;—
And if the droplets left a stain,
I 'd have a fountain of champagne
To wash the purple from my breast,
And troops of slaves, in rich attire,
Should scatter myrrh and incense sweet,
And bring me, should my looks desire,
A golden ewer to wash my feet.
I 'd tread on carpets of velvet woof,
My mirrors should reach from floor to roof,
And every slave should envy me
My loveliness and luxury."

"And I," said Jane, with her eyes' dark glances Radiant with untold romances,
"Would choose a milder bath than thine,
Nor crumple my curls with fiery wine.
In a bath of alabaster bright,
In a marble-floored and lofty hall,
Transplendant with the regal light
Of a thousand lamps from roof and wall,
Amid exotics rich and rare
Filling with odours all the air,
In clear rose-water I would lie,
Like a lily on a lake serene,
Or move my limbs to the harmony
Of an orchestra unseen,

Placed in a chamber far remote, And floating sing, and singing float."

"Sweet bath," said the calm, fair, Margaret; "But the bath I'd choose is sweeter yet. I 'd have it in a rich saloon Open to the breeze of noon, With marble columns smooth and high, And crimson damask drapery, Filled with statues chaste and rare Of nymphs and gods divinely fair. Of jet-black marble the bath should be, With no white speck on its purity: It should not flow with milk or wine. With scented waters or with brine: It should be filled with meadow dew. Gathered at morning in the grass, 'Mid hare-bell cups and violets blue, And my bath should be my looking-glass; And I would have a score of maids Glowing with beauty, each and all. To twist my locks in graceful braids, And dress me for a festival."

"And I," said Lilias, raising her eyes Clear as morn, of passion full, "Would love to bathe under Eastern skies, In the palace gardens of Istamboul, In the hanging groves of Babylon,
Or Bagdad, city of the sun,
'Mid orange, date, and trailing vine,
Palm, and myrtle, and eglantine;
I would have fifty fountains fair,
'Mid bowers of roses and evergreens,
And bathing in the odorous air,
I would be waited on by queens.''

"And I," said Ann, with her drooping tresses,
And eyes as full of love's caresses
As the morning is of day,
And mouth so ripe and kindly smiling
'T was never made to answer "Nay,"
"I would bathe in the fresh blue sea
With the wild waves sporting over me;
I would toy with the harmless foam,
Passing my fingers like a comb
Through the crest of each wave that reared
Its spray, as white as Neptune's beard;—
With a fresh wind blowing across the reach,
I would dive and float again and again,
And dress myself on the bare sea beach,
In a nook invisible to men."

"And I," said Laura, "would choose my bath Where a river took its lonely path On round smooth shingle, clear in its flow,
Showing the pebbles that slept below,
Through a flowery lawn well shawen and soft
And cool to the feet. I would not care
For bands of music, if larks aloft
Filled with their songs the sunny air;
I would not ask for lustres bright,
If the clear morning shed its light;
Nor for marble statue of youth and maid,
If oaks and poplars lent their shade;
Nor for exotics of choice perfume,
If the Meadow-sweet were fresh in bloom;
I would but ask for a summer day,
And nearest eyes ten miles away."

"And I," said tuneful Isabel,
With her soft blue eyes and cheek vermeil,
With her witching smile and modest blush,
And voice to make the blackbird hush,
"I would not bathe by the sea-beach cold,
Nor river running through open wold;
I would not bathe in halls of state,
In wine, or milk, or honey-dew;
On me should no serving maidens wait,
Nor luxury my senses woo.
I would bathe far up in a Highland burn,
Hidden from sight in its every turn.

Deep embowered 'mid pendant larch,
And silver birches poised on high,
With nothing alive to cross my path
But the bright incurious butterfly;
In a limpid basin of the rocks
I would unbind my flaxen locks,
And lay my clothes on the mossy stone,
Happy—happy—and all alone."

"And I," said Geraldine, smoothing back, From her stately brow, her tresses black. A blush, like morning over the isles, Dawning upon her cheeks, and smiles Flashing about her lips and eyes, Full of meanings and mysteries, "I would love to bathe in a quiet mere, As a mirror smooth, as a dew-drop clear, So still, that my floating limbs should make The only ripples upon the lake; I'd have it fringed with fruits and flowers, Forests and orchards, groves and bowers, That whenever I bathed in the noons of spring I might pluck laburnums blossoming, Or shake, as I floated, the lilac blooms, Or chestnut cones with their rich perfumes, Over my glancing neck and shoulders, Concealed in the leaves from all beholders,

Except from the ring-dove-too intent On her own pleasures to look at mine: And if I bathed when the flowers were spent. And peaches blushed in the autumn shine, I would choose a solitary nook By the confluence of a brook, Where the apples were ripe, and the jet-black cherries. And the juicy luscious dark mulberries, Or jargonelles of a ruddy gold, And nectarines as sweet to taste As the kisses of urchins three years old, Grew within reach, that stretching in haste My hand to the boughs as I floated near, Or stood knee-deep in the lucid mere, I might rustle and shake the pulpy treasure Into the water for my pleasure, Catching an apple as it fell, Or diving for a jargonelle."

Sweet maids, if bound by Fate's decree
To choose amongst you for a bride,
So great your charms, 't would puzzle me
For which dear syren to decide.
But were I Sultan of Cathay,
With twenty thousand pounds a day,
I would not choose—but, ere I 'd done,
Woo and wed you every one.

THE WATER TARANTELLA.

["The condition of those who were afflicted with Tarantism was in many cases united with so great a sensibility to music, that at the very first tone of their favourite melodies, they sprang up shouting for joy and danced on without intermission, until they sank to the ground exhausted, and almost lifeless. Some loved to hear the sound of water, and delighted in hearing of gushing springs, and rushing cascades and streams."—Heckee's Epidemics of the Middle Ages. The Dancing Mania.]

The wind blows low on the fields and hedges,
There is a murmur amid the sedges,
A low sweet sound where the water gushes
Forth from the grass amid the rushes;
It is a streamlet small and young,
It loves to dally the mosses among,
It trickles slowly,
It whispers lowly,

On its breast the thistle drops its down, The water lily So white and stilly Sleeps in its lap till its leaves grow brown.

Dance, poor Eveleen—dance, and dream— Soft is the music, and fresh the stream.

We will follow thee where it flows—
It leaves the sedges dank behind,
And on its fringe a willow shows
Its silvery leaflets to the wind;
And a brook comes down from far away
And babbles into it all the day—
And both together creep through meads
Where the shy plover hides and feeds;—
And then away through fields of corn
Or stretch of meadows newly shorn,
Noiselessly they flow and clear
By open wold and covered brake,
But if you listen you may hear
The steady music that they make.

Dance, poor Eveleen, dance—we follow— O'er field, through copse, o'er lawn, through hollow.

And now the stream begins to run Over the pebbles in its bed, To rumple its breast and glance in the sun, And curl to the light breeze overhead. No longer loitering, lingering, calm,
It hurries away o'er the chafing shingle
Humming a song, singing a psalm
Through the orchard, down the dingle.
Pools like mirrors adorn its breast,
And there the trout and the minnow rest,
The ringdove sings in her nest alone
The tender song that love has taught her,
And the redbreast sits on the boulder stone,
Washing his plumes in the wimpling water.

Brisker now let the music sound;
Dance, Eveleen, dance, we follow thee ever,
And tread the ground with a quick rebound,
Away, away with the rolling river.

Fed by its tributary rills

From distant valleys with circling hills,
And travelling seaward merrily brawling,
Wild, impassioned, rapid, and strong,
With voice of power to the green woods calling,
The impetuous river dashes along,
And is sweeping, leaping, through the meadows
Almost as fast as the driving shadows
Of clouds that fly before the wind,
Down to the chasmy precipices,
There to burst in foaming fall;
It bursts, it thunders, it roars, it hisses—
An iris is its coronal:

And the pendulous trees above it shiver, Bathed by the rain of that rampant river.

So dance, fair Eveleen, faster, faster, Unloose thy zone, thy locks untwine; Thy bosom, no more like the alabaster, Is flushed, and heated, and red like wine. Thy pulse is beating, thy blood is heating, Thy lips are open, thine eye-balls shine.

And now the river spends its wrath,
The music sinks, the winds blow low;
Its bosom broad is a nation's path—
Smooth and pleasant is its flow.
A boat shoots by with its rowers trim,
A ferryman plies his lazy oar;
And miles adown, in the distance dim,
There stands a city on the shore.

By corn fields yellow, by meadows green, And stately gardens, we advance; Still we follow thee, Eveleen— Gentle, gentler, be thy dance.

Behold, upon a grassy lawn,
Sloped smoothly downwards to the brink,
With large soft eyes, a dapple fawn
Stoops to the lucid wave to drink;

And, lo! an avenue of oak,
Whose wrinkled stems, of giant girth,
Have stood unharmed the winter's stroke
For thrice a century, firm in earth,
Their boughs o'ertopped by the turrets hoary
Of a mansion old and famed in story:

They pass, all pass,
As in magic glass,
And still we trace the placid stream—
Castle and tower,
And park and bower;
Dance, poor Eveleen, dance and dream.

A hundred ships are in the river,
Their tall masts point to a clear blue sky,
Their sails are furled, their pennants curled,
To the sweet west wind that wantons by,
And every flag, emblazoned fair,
Flaps at its will on the sunny air.
There is a peal of sabbath bells,
Over the river's breast it swells;
The tall proud steeples look calmly down
On the quiet houses of the town;
'T is a day of love, of rest, of peace,
Eveleen, the song must cease.

THE WATER TARANTELLA.

Gently, Eveleen, gently rest,
Softly on thy pillow sleep;
The fit is o'er, thy heaving breast
Will calm itself in slumber deep;
Thou'st danced, poor maid, the tarantelle,
Thou'st danced it long and danced it well,
Thou'st trod the maze, and traced the shore,
Thou shalt be healed for everyore.

ONLOW .

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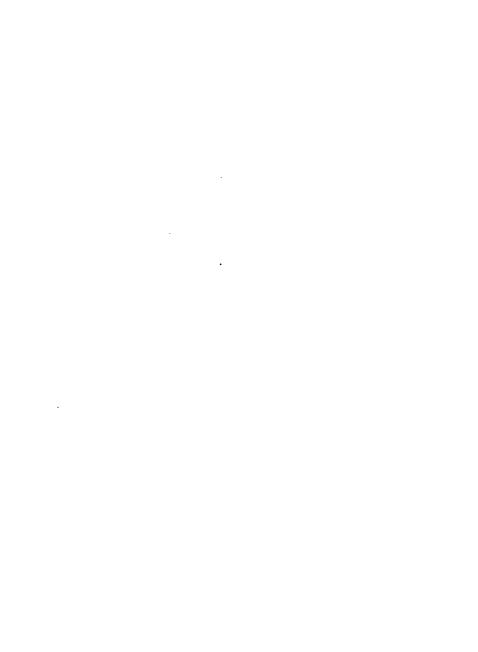
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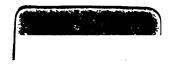
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